A body can produce a sound only when it feels around it a possibility of overtones.

I felt sad when I realized that in this environment to sympathize was to lose caste.

I could write of the things round about me; but they are so distorted. . . .

They seem to you distorted because you do not understand them in all their complexity. This is why the poet's work delights you, for it is simpler. By showing only one truth in a work of art he exaggerates that truth. To simplify is to exaggerate what remains. The woik of art is an exaggeration. >